

Paris and the Zeppelins

By Catherine D. Groth

IT'S always interesting to watch the crowd when something unexpected happens, as when the Zeppelins came back to Paris after having stayed away for almost a year. They came as a total surprise to the people, and had as great a "success of curiosity" as at their first visit. Few of those who heard the shrill bugle call, followed by the breathless honking of the fire patrol, felt, let alone showed, any anxiety, but every one became possessed of an insane desire to get a glimpse of the airship.

It all happened very quickly, of course. Paris was dark and quiet, as it has been every evening, practically, since the outbreak of the war, and the crowds that have made the sidewalks into parlors, now that the restaurants close so early, were forming, as usual, animated groups discussing the events of the day. Then, suddenly, came the alarm. Mildly surprised, at first, people looked around and shrugged their shoulders. A Zeppelin? Impossible! But, as they look, the light from the straggling lampposts grows paler; in a minute it is out. Paris is plunged in almost total darkness. Doubt is possible no longer. A Zeppelin is on its way.

"If, at least, we could get a look at it," says a voice that must belong to a fat lady. "Last year I slept through it all. I was that provoked. I did want to see what they were like."

"Sitting on this bench you won't see much," says another voice. "Go to one of the squares, by the Opera, for instance."

There is a shuffle of feet and the family starts off.

The crowd is different from what it was a moment before. It had been conversing in a more or less animated way, but now people no longer talk, but whisper and chatter like magpies, and not only with their friends, but with strangers. Around the newsstands and at street corners groups are formed, all speculating as to the nature and extent of the Zeppelin raid. The shopkeepers come out to join the crowd, and after them their wives and children.

"What? One Zeppelin, you say? Ha! Five of them!"

"Five? . . . I should say so. And each one guarded by thirty-five aeroplanes!"

A voice: "I say, where are our aviators?"

"If you think they can see anything in this fog!"

"And the Zeppelin, what about that?"

"It just drops the bombs when it feels like."

"Suppose it dropped them here, *hein*?"

A general laugh follows this suggestion.

"It's no use trying to escape your fate, I suppose," says a philosophical voice, amid general approval.

You return to your own home, and, ignoring, like every one else, all instructions, go to the window and peer into the sky. No Zeppelin is visible, nor any lights in the windows. You face a sea of darkness, broken only by the sickly light of a lamppost several hundred yards away and the red flash of a passing taxicab. Through the next street tears a maddened tramcar, its gongs clanging. Then all is silence.

Yet not quite. For, as you listen, it is as though all the walls around you had been given tongues. From all sides there is a gossiping and a chattering. It is too dark to see anything, but it is easy to guess that everybody else in all the other houses is doing the same as you, namely, standing at the window and looking out, and their subdued conversation somehow reminds you of the sparrows at sundown. Upstairs in the servants' quarters the cackling reminds you of a barnyard; there voices ring out from one house to another.

"You see anything, you?"

"No; but if a bomb should fall we'd get it first."

"You want to go in the cellar?"

"Not on your life. No power on earth could make me sit up on a stone when I can sleep in my bed."

Laughter. "I'm not like the man on the fourth. Last year he had bought a new bed, you know, a beautiful big bed. Then the Zeppelins threatened. So he had his cellar padded and fixed up with electric light and heat, but he never even put his nose inside it, because he couldn't take his bed along."

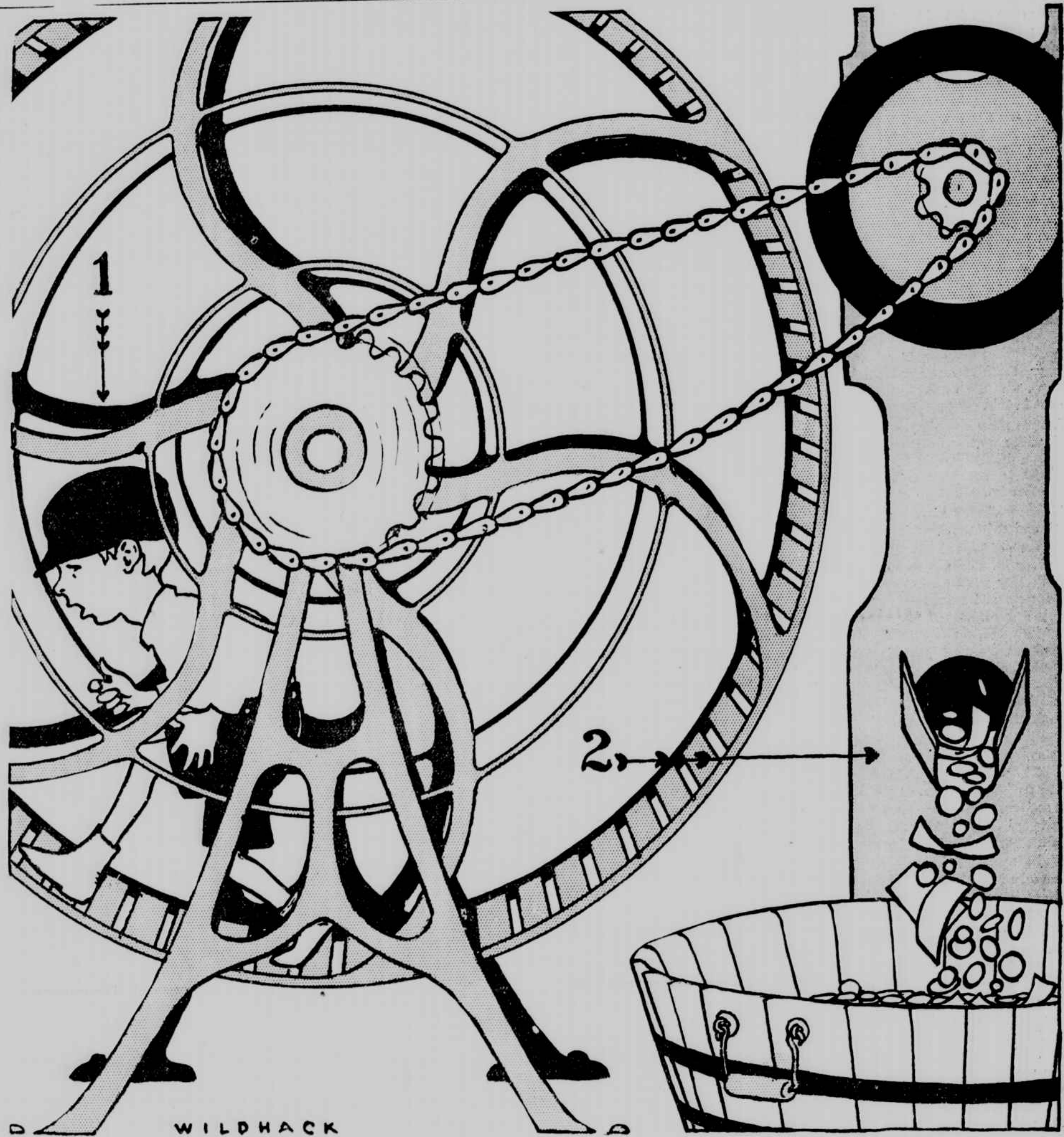
You go back into the street. In all the open squares and places the crowd is dense.

On the banisters around the subway entrance at the Opera, for instance, more than a hundred people must be seated, staring into the air. The night is cloudy, and nothing whatsoever is to be seen except the fantastic play of searchlights on the clouds, but still they remain there, staring upward. The Place is filled with hundreds more, all equally intent on getting a view of the monster. Suddenly a thrill seems to pass through the crowd. There is an instinctive forward movement. A man has come from one of the outlying quarters with news. He has seen a bomb fall. A house has been shattered. More news pours in. There are five, ten, thirty, fifty dead, hundreds wounded. The words spread from mouth to mouth and are caught excitedly.

And with it all the crowd continues to sit on the railings and stare into the air. No one thinks of going home or seeking shelter.

And that is the extraordinary thing about these Zeppelin attacks. No one knows if his turn may not come next, but, as there is no way of finding out, he does not trouble to worry about it. Although death is a daily occurrence at present, no one ever imagines that it can overtake him. We all condemn the stupidity of those who rush to windows, and yet that is precisely what we all do. With our brains we realize the folly of congregating in open places, and yet, at the approach of an airship, we invariably seek them. In theory we agree that the individual should in every possible way safeguard his existence; in fact, we forget about the danger and see only the excitement. We have so few pleasures and so little excitement now, in war times, in Paris, that we make the most of what we can get! And there is about the Zeppelins something of the spectacular, the dangerous and the unknown that fascinates Paris, the curious, the "Eve of titles."

HOW TO MAKE MONEY—By Robert J. Wildhack



I.—CHILD LABOR.

Take a child of eight or nine
To your factory, mill or mine;
Take his sisters and his brothers,—
If they sicken, there are others;
They are human? Yes, but then
They are cheaper far than men.

A WARNING TO GIRLS IN CLEOPATRA'S TRAGIC FATE

Pretty Young Miss of Alexandria Another Victim of Lax Parental Regulation.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

Alexandria, Aug. 29, 30 B. C.—This little town, nestling at the headwaters of the Nile, is aroused to a fever pitch to-day over the tragic death of Cleopatra Auletes, the pretty young society girl, following her unfortunate affair with Marcus Antonius, or "Marc Antony," as he was called by his mate, the well known Roman elocutionist. Brought face to face with the futility of the match of which she had dreamed for so long, the broken hearted daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and Mrs. Auletes last night took poison in the form of an asp bite, and to-day lies in state in the Alexandria Horticultural Hall, a victim of her love for Antony.

Antony himself committed suicide earlier in the day by falling on his sword, the gift of his lodge in Rome, believing at the time that Cleopatra had taken her life.

(From a Staff Correspondent in Rome.)

Rome, Aug. 29, 30 B. C.—When interviewed to-day Mrs. Octavia Antonius, deserted wife of Marcus Antonius, was found in her cosy sitting-room, playing dominoes with her little son, Lepidus, named after his father's college chum.

"I cannot believe that Marc is mixed up in this affair," she said. "It is probably all newspaper talk. But I would like to say that I know of this Cleopatra woman, and understand that she has an unsavory

reputation in her home town, having never satisfactorily explained the death of her young brother, who died mysteriously of poison some years ago."

SPECIAL ARTICLES

By Ophelia Braithwaite

There is a powerful lesson brought home to every one of us in the tragic death of Cleopatra Auletes, the pretty young Alexandria girl, who, through no fault of her own, was made the victim of the lax parental regulations of her time. Oh, you mothers and fathers, if you would only wake up to the fact that your girl has an equal chance with young Cleopatra to become Queen of Egypt some day, and, as such, will have to meet socially many prominent men. How is she equipped for this? Will she be shy, bashful and see spots before her eyes when she goes to sleep at night? Or will she have the courage of her convictions, and whether it be an army man from Rome or a drummer from Carthage be able to meet them on their own ground?

Here was a young girl, accustomed to every refinement of the home, just as your young daughter is, taking her music lessons and sewing for the Egyptian soldiers every day, and yet, when the big crisis of her life came, the time where, as Poe so beautifully says, "standing on reluctant feet, where the stream and river meet," she had to rely on her own judgment, her training was pitifully inade-

quate, and she failed. The friendly asp was the only living thing that came to her aid in the time of her greatest trouble, poor little, weak, inexperienced, trusting girl!

II.

By Horton W. Medsworth, M. D.

Every one who reads the accounts of the suicide of the popular Roman husband, Marcus Antonius, must say to himself, "Something ought to be done." And so there ought.

Listen! A young man (for, as some one has cleverly said, "A man is as old as he feels") comes to Egypt, fresh from conquests in his home country, full of the fresh bloom of youth and the courage inspired by success. In Egypt he meets his first reverse—Actium—but he also meets his first affinity. His four other marriages become as ships that pass in the night. In the love of Cleopatra he lives.

Then he is drawn by her into a suicide pact. She deceives him into thinking that she has killed herself, and, of course, the honorable thing for him to do is to kill himself. That she later did take her own life does not change the aspect of the case one whit.

There still remains the BIG, VITAL FACT, that GERMANY HAS TEN DREADNOUGHTS TO OUR ONE.

Are Women People?

By Alice Duer Miller.

The Cry of the Cannery.

With the usual apologies.
[A bill has been introduced at Albany allowing the employment of women in the canneries for twelve hours a day and up to midnight.]
Do you hear the cannery weeping, O my sisters?
They are making such a fuss.
They are pleading with the legislators.
"Mistress,
Won't you pass a bill for us?
The old, old banks are making money,
The new, new subways being built,
The ammunition makers think it funny
If you mention moral guilt;
But the poor, poor cannery, worthy Mistress,
They can only make what's right.
If you let them overwork your wives
Up to twelve o'clock at night!"

THE PROTECTORS OF OUR BEST INTERESTS.

Four bills, known as the underworld bills, have been introduced at Albany. Police Commissioner Woods says of them: "They are in the interests of a part of the community except the Vice Trust, that nefarious group of promoters of commercialized prostitution which flourished in the city some years ago."

"The New York Times" says editorially: "This precious group of bills seeks to protect from the police the scoundrels in this city who live on vice, whose pockets have been filled with the dirtiest money in the world."

These bills were introduced by Mr. Everett, of Potsdam, and only three men on the Codes Committee would vote for them, namely, Mr. W. W. Chase, of Hudson; Mr. Nickerson, of New York; and Mr. Taylor, of Buffalo.

All four of these gentlemen are anti-suffragists—the last two having made speeches against it.

Everett, Nickerson, Taylor and Chase. Think that home is a woman's place; They talk of the sea like a person's or vice.

SON.
Do Chase and Everett, Taylor and Nickerson. Only if any one thinks women clever, it isn't Chase, Nickerson, Taylor and Everett. Either the ballot for women will fail, or Men like Chase, Nickerson, Everett and Taylor.

Movie of Unemotional Sex Legislation for Other

"It was such a scene as few members of the House of Delegates had ever witnessed. Stunned into silence, the advocates of the bill sat still in their seats, or stood without movement while its opponents leaped to their feet, moved excitedly about, clapping their hands, stamping their feet and letting loose cheer after cheer ascending and descending the scale, while here and there arose old-fashioned rebel yells, signals of triumph and delight."

Doubtless the account of the passage of some great patriotic legislation!

No, merely the description in a Virginia paper of the failure of a bill allowing women equal educational opportunities at the University of Virginia.

Women already have equal privileges in paying taxes for the support of the university.

REPRESENTATION IN THE BROWN FAMILY.

The "antis," according to the papers are particularly grateful to Senator Elon R. Brown for his stand against suffrage, in view of the fact that his wife, his sisters and his two daughters are suffragists.

How many, we wonder, of the 750,000 votes against suffrage represented women in favor?

"We want to pledge ourselves to stand by the legislators, not with our own vote, but with the votes of our husbands, fathers, brothers, friends and others who represent us," said Mrs. Chittenden the other day.

Represent you in the way Senator Brown represents his female relations.

A Sincere Tribute.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE BROOKLYN SUFFRAGE DINNER.
I've seen men dance on a wire,
And fly like birds on the wing,
I've seen them juggle fire,
And toy with a bull in a ring,
But for subtlety, skill, technique,
And treading on dangerous grounds,
I never knew ought like the speech last night
Of Borough President Pounds.

He spoke at that suffrage party.
He was chatty, polite and bland.
Amusing, flattering, hearty.
But he never showed his hand.
Many have tried it, too—
To run with the hare and the hounds—
But I never knew any one put it through.
Like Borough President Pounds.